

BALTIMORE HIGH SPOTS

Delegate Jerry C. Foley, Indianapolis, is of humorous turn of mind. He has been staying here with six Indianapolis detectives. This morning, the detectives found their pocketbooks missing.

The wail was truly awful. The "dicks" sweat blood for half an hour, told the Baltimore police department their troubles, gave the managers of the hotel nervous prostration, and their opinion of Baltimore to anyone who would listen.

Then Foley returned the pocketbooks, and he hasn't had to buy a drink since.

Senator Luke Lea has occupied all the spotlight left vacant by Bryan. He's for Wilson. Yesterday they started a great Luke Lea boom for the presidency, and it was going nicely.

Then Luke took the boomers aside, and told them it would be all right if only they'd go to Nashville, Tenn., and fix the vital statistics first.

Lea is 33. By the constitution no one under 35 years of age can become president.

E. J. Giddings, Okla., who tried to get into the limelight Saturday by attacking Bryan, ended his near speech with: "I can go back to Oklahoma on my record—"

And then some one in the gallery shouted: "Yes, but you can't come back." Giddings sat down.

Judge J. J. Williams, Tenn., is Harmon delegate. One roll call, Williams was sitting in the gal-

lery with a woman, and the clerk yelled to him to know his vote. "Osca Underwood," replied the judge.

There was much speculation about this, as the judge has been yelling Harmon ever since he got here. And then someone took a second look at the woman with whom Williams had been chatting. She was Mrs. Underwood.

Tom Taggart is said to be mighty popular at home. It's no wonder. He gave an entertainment to delegates, alternates and visitors yesterday that cost \$1,000.

A note reading, "Do not knock. I am asleep. W. J. B.," was pinned on Bryan's door at the Hotel Belvidere yesterday.

But the knocking went on just the same—most of it coming from gentlemen pledged to Champ Clark, and being loud, insistent knocking.

T. T. Rustone is a delegate from the rural districts of Chicago, and isn't used to large city ways. He went to sleep in convention hall and awakened up without his pocketbook or railroad ticket.

This, of course, could never have happened in Chicago. At least, one would imagine such things never happened there from the way Rustone yelled about it.

William Jennings Bryan received 5,000 telegrams yesterday—and few of them were knocks.

The Oklahoma delegation got about 200 telegrams from home, and one was signed by 1,000 citizens.